

THE DAILY BULLETIN SUPPLEMENT.

HONOLULU, H. I., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1882.

LONDON GOSSIP.

(BY PLANEUR.)

Special for the Daily Bulletin.

We are getting very tired of "General Booth" and his "noble army" of noisy and irreverent Salvationists. He is certainly a very clever man, who well understands—I use his own words—how to turn everything into gold, and we have no proof of his insincerity, but it strikes me that all the notice he has received lately has turned his head. One thing is quite clear, and cannot be too strongly insisted upon, namely, that he will lose the sympathy of all those to whom religion without reverence is simply revolting, if he allows the blasphemy that appeared in the *War Cry* just before the marriage of his son, to be repeated. It was repeated, we regret to say, at the marriage itself, by the appearance of a man who, when the newly-married pair were seen approaching the Clapton Barracks, walked into the hall carrying a hammer on which was inscribed the well-known words, "Behold the bridegroom cometh." The "General" himself improved the occasion by remarking that the "Bible had more brag in it than any book he knew."

Scene, a West London police-station. Enter a constable, hauling in a drunken auctioneer. Mr. Inspector, to prisoner: "Unless you can find bail, you will be locked up in a cell until to-morrow morning." Auctioneer: "All right, old chap, send a bobby to my friends the greengrocer and butcher in—Road, and they'll soon get me out of this." A constable was sent to the addresses given, and shortly returned with the bail, but the prisoner's friends behaved in such an extraordinary manner that Mr. Inspector not only refused them as security, but bundled all three into the cells. The fact is, the butcher and greengrocer were as drunk as the auctioneer. The next morning they were presented before the magistrate and fined £2 each.

The scene is a *table d'hôte* at a French watering-place. Two strangers enter into conversation. One of them is a young man on the French press, and he speaks with much complaisance of his literary success. "And pray, what may your special line be?" enquires his neighbour, with some interest. "Mon Dieu! Monsieur, all around, a little of everything—reviews, gossip paragraphs, and so forth." "Ha!" said the other ominously, "I am only employed on *headed raticles*!" He spoke the truth. He was the Executioner.

A work with the title of "The Pedigree of the Devil" is now in the press, and will shortly be published by Messrs. Trubner and Co. The object of the author is an investigation of the various sources from which the modern idea of the arch-enemy of mankind has been built up, and an analysis of the ramifications of his genealogy. The evolution of evil involved in this examination is full of strange interest, often leading to unexpected results. The work is by Mr. Frederic T. Hall, F. R. A. S., and will be illustrated by a series of elaborate drawings by the author and printed by the Autotype Company in their best manner.

At a conversation at the Palace of Barchester, Mrs. Proudie was saying that the clergy should be exact and precise in all things as patterns to their flocks. "My dear madam," replied the dean, "they cannot well be other-wise, for when a man enters the Church he necessarily becomes a curate (*accurate*), and, when promoted, his great ambition is generally to keep a curate (*accurate*).

The Russian War Minister has determined to employ the telephone in the Western fortresses in a manner which has naturally attracted no little attention in Austria and Germany. Not only is this instrument to be used in connecting all parts of a given fortress together and bringing each gun and gunner within speaking distance of the Commandant, but all the fortresses on the Polish-Prussian and Austrian borders are to be brought into telephonic communication with one another. The artillerymen and officers are all to go through a special course of telephonic drill.

Recently strolling into Kew Gardens, I was much surprised at finding myself in front of a graceful building which I had never noticed before. I soon found out that it was what is styled the new "Gallery of Marianne North's Paintings of Plants and their Homes." This unique collection is,

together with the building, a free gift to the Royal Gardens on the part of the accomplished lady traveller and artist by whom all the 627 pictures were painted, on the spot, in the various countries visited by her in Asia, Africa, America, and Australia. The arrangement of the positions the pictures occupy on the walls is also due to herself. The building is said to have cost her £2,000, and she also provided the funds for preparing and printing the catalogue, the proceeds of which she

axe and the forest fires, the plough and the flock of the advancing colonist. Such scenes can never be renewed by Nature, nor, when once effaced, can they be pictured to the mind's eye, except by means of such records as Miss North has presented to us in this splendid gallery. Posterity will have reasons to be grateful to her for her liberality and public spirit. Miss North is, I am told, again exploring Africa. Another feature in the new gallery is a collection of all sorts of exotic

which, as everyone can see, would have answered the purpose equally well. The explanation he was offered is amusing. While railways were in embryo in Belgium, a brilliant band of engineers were despatched to England to acquire information on the subject, and on their return were commissioned to lay down the first Belgian railway. When the work was completed they found they had made a fearful and wonderful omission. "Mon Dieu! We have forgotten the tunnel." As they knew

A Very French Story.

(Scene—The platform of a railroad station in the country. From first-class carriage enters Count X., who is met by young M. de la Baste.)

M. de la Baste, taking the traveller's coat and satchel with enthusiasm: Glad to see you old fellow, and they'll be glad to see you up at the chateau. They were getting anxious for fear you mightn't come.

Count X. Anxious? Why, I wrote that I would accept their invitation with pleasure.

M. de la Baste: I know, but they were afraid that you had done it out of politeness; perhaps, because they were aware that you are so much in demand in swell society—

Count X. (modestly): Oh, nonsense!

M. de la Baste: That their little place could have but few attractions. It isn't very swell, you know; poor fare, I must say, and the wine is abominable. Stick to cider—the cider is good!

Count X. You surprise me. De Candy always seemed to me a decided gourmand.

M. de la Baste: So he is, when he dines out. Still, as you have come prepared to rough it, we'll have a jolly time. Only you'd better sleep on the floor; the beds are—if they only were hard and too short I wouldn't mind, but—

Count X. You amaze me! Mme. de Candy seemed to me the model of neatness.

M. de la Baste: Oh, she is, she is! One of the best managers in the country but things have been neglected this Summer. Besides the poor woman has probably got discouraged trying to do anything with such a tumbledown old barrack.

Count X. Tumbledown? Why, I thought the chateau of Candy was a show-place!

M. de la Baste: It is imposing and picturesque, still there is so much malaria from the moat that they would like to sell it if they could. Part of the wing our rooms are in blew down last night but I guess we won't have another such storm this Summer.

Count X. But, hang it all, they should have let a fellow know when—

M. de la Baste: You see, they want to keep up their social position as long as possible, and every guest they can ring in—How long are you going to stay?

Count X. I had thought of stopping a fortnight, but I'll find some excuse for cutting my visit short.

M. de la Baste: But come along. Let me see to your baggage. Candy is at loggerheads with the railroad people—passed a bad bill on them and vowed he hadn't or something of the kind—and if they knew you were going to the chateau the beggars would smash one of your trunks, or lose a hatbox or something.

Count X. Oh, thanks! But will there be rooms for all the luggage in the trap?

M. de la Baste: I guess so. The old shandydan isn't elegant, but it's roomy and solid. It'll shake you up a bit, but that'll give you an appetite for dinner. The horse stumbles a good deal, but the road is all down-hill, so we'll be there in a couple of hours.

Count X. But, I say, they don't put on much style at the chateau.

M. de la Baste: How can they? But they give us the best they have. Is this your dressing-case? Solid silver tops to the bottles, and so on? Well, don't leave it out on your table; keep it in your trunk. There have been a good many things lost lately.

Count X. Bless me! And are Mme. de Persil and Nadeje Sangolf there? M. de la Baste: Catch them! They've been there once! They want something more lively than a coterie of snuffy old dowagers that do nothing but play whist. I wouldn't mind it so much if they didn't cheat.

Count X. Cheat? In Candy's house? He, the one man the club looked up to? The one man that disputed points at cards would be left to?

M. de la Baste: They say he stands in with that old harpy, Mme. d'Arcbontan, but I don't believe it myself.

Count X. You are right not to believe it, for Candy is above any such suspicion.

M. de la Baste: I am sure I hope so, but he ought not to give any countenance to such reports by his concealment—his mysterious conduct.

Count X. Concealment? Mystery? I don't understand.

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munificently bequeathed to the Gardeners' Caisse d'Assistance.

I wonder more attention is not paid to this beautiful gift to the public. It is impossible to overrate its interest and instructiveness in connection with the contents of the gardens, plant-houses, and museums of Kew. Many of the views here brought together represent vividly and truthfully scenes of astonishing attractiveness and objects that are amongst the wonders of the vegetable kingdom, but are fast disappearing before the

woods, forming the panelled wainscot around the lower portion of the walls; the names of the woods are written on the latter themselves, which afford an exceedingly interesting opportunity for comparisons.

Antrelieu Scholl is responsible for an amusing story about the Braine le Comte tunnel. This tunnel has an extremely thin earth covering, and Antrelieu, while at Brussels recently, was sorely perplexed to know why the railway engineers in constructing the line had not made a slight cutting,

every English line boasted at least one tunnel, and it cut them to the quick to think that the Belgian pioneer railway was without such an embellishment. "We will make one," said they, and lo! they set to work and built the one at Braine le Comte. And when it was finished they placed a layer of earth on the top and around it to hide the brickwork!

Kisses are better enjoyed after dark because they taste better than they look.